# THE SWAMP SECRET.

## A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

By EBEN E. REXFORD.



### CHAPTER XXIV.

CONTINUED.

"I sw'ar to man, I don't b'leeve it!" cried Bill. "It can't be that the singin'-teacher's a hoss-thief."

"He is," cried Rhoda. "I heard what Nannie has told you. May I never speak another word if we haven't told you the truth."

"Wayne's a hoss-thief!" repeated Bill, incredulously. "It can't be!"

"I dunno but he's as likely to be as anybody else," said Perkins. "I'll tell you what my plan is: Let's hunt up the other party. Then le' 's take Brayton with us and go into the Big Swamp. Ef we find the thieves we'll fix 'em, an' that'll let him off. Ef we find we've b'en fooled——"

The unfinished sentence had a great deal of stern meaning in it.

The plan was agreed to.

"An' after we've b'en there, we'll come out an' call on Mr. Wayne," said Bill, who, much against his will, was convinced of the truth of Rhoda's story. He began to feel vindictive against Wayne for having duped him, as he must have done if he was a horse-thief.

"See here," he said, turning suddenly and facing Dick, "didn't I see you makin' marks on that ol' cottonwood?"

"No, Bill Green, you did not," answered Dick. "I don't say that you didn't see me there. I was there. I went to see what I could find on the tree. I had been there before, and found something that I didn't understand. But I wrote nothing there. That's the truth, Bill Green, whether you believe it or not."

"I mought ha' b'en mistaken, but I don't see how I could ha' b'en," said Bill. "Anyhow, I tho't you did. Hope to die 'f I didn't."

Considering Bill's proverbial stubbornness, this was a surprising admission for him to make.

"Dick," said Nannie, coming up to him, with tearful eyes, "you haven't told me whether you're glad to see me or not."

"You know I am," said Dick, and the look which accompanied the words was eloquent enough to satisfy Nannie that she had a very warm corner in his heart yet. "If you hadn't come just as you did I'd have been a dead man by this time."

"Don't!" cried Nannie, turning pale again.

Then Rhoda came to shake hands with Dick, and though little was said in words, a great deal was expressed in looks, and looks are often far more expressive of our deepest feelings than any words can be.

Perkins came back presently with the other party, of whom he had been in search.

"We mustn't be losin' time," he said. "We've got tu build a raft tu git intu the swamp on, an' there's no tellin' how much we'll be hendered. So le' 's git down tu bisness."

"Luck go with you," cried Nannie, as the party set off.

Dick's kiss was warm upon her cheek. He had kissed Rhoda, too, and she was so happy that she never thought of being jealous over it. But as the men passed out of sight among the alders fringing the creek's banks, a fear of what might take place in the Big Swamp, if they failed to find the real thieves, came over her, and made her faint and dizzy. The danger was not over.

"I shall not breathe one easy breath till they're all back home," she said to Rhoda. "Isn't it awful? And to happen in camp-meeting time, too!"

"I think I've got even with Mr. Wayne now," said Rhoda, as they turned to retrace their steps homeward. "I've spoiled his plans completely, and I've done a good turn for Dick. I never heard of such a thing, outside of a story. I wonder if it is all so? Pinch me, Nannie, so that I'll know I'm awake."

"Yes, you're awake," answered Nannie, "and so am I, and so hungry, and tired almost to death. I didn't realize it till we'd got started for home. "Oh, dear! It's a long way there yet. If we only had Doll and Nell to ride!"

### CHAPTER XXV.

RETURN OF THE FAIR ADVENTURERS.

As may readily be imagined, there was great consternation in the Boone household when the absence of Nannie and Rhoda was discovered, on Sunday morning.

Mrs. Boone had passed a somewhat sleepless night, and rose early. She busied herself getting breakfast, wondering, meanwhile, why Nannie did not come down as usual to help her.

"Poor gal! I s'pose she was jest beat out with what happened las' night," thought her mother. "I don't wonder, nuther. I be, myself. I'll let 'em sleep till breakfas' is ready."

At last the meal was on the table, and she went to the ladder leading to the attic where Nannie and Rhoda were supposed to be asleep, and called:

"Come, girls, time you was up. It's pas' seven o'clock, an' breakfas' is ready an' waitin'. Be spry now. Mis' Holdredge, air you up yit?"

Yes, Mrs. Holdredge, who had occupied the room belonging to Nannie, was up and dressed, and came into the kitchen presently.

"I didn't hear the girls a-stirrin' after you'd called 'em," she said. "It mus' be they sleep sound this mornin'."

Mrs. Boone went to the ladder and called again.

No answer.

"It's curi's," she said. "Nannie ain't never hard to wake up."

She went up the ladder till she could see into the attic.

No one was there. The bed had not even been slept in.

"Oh, Mis' Holdredge, they ain't here!" she cried. "Did you hear 'em come in las' night?"

No, Mrs. Holdredge had heard nothing of them.

"I do b'leeve they must ha' stayed tu Ezry's, after all," said Mrs. Boone. "I'll run right over 'n' see. You set down an' be eatin', Mis' Holdredge, afore the vittles git cold. I'll be right back."

But inquiry at Mr. Porter's failed to elicit any information regarding the whereabouts of the missing girls.

"Hain't seen 'em sence about ten minnits after you an' Mis' Holdredge lef' las' night," said Samanthy. "Mus' be they took it intu their heads to go to Stevenses', though what should possess 'em to go there at that time o' night, I can't see. You run right back home, Mis' Boone, an' I'll go over tu Stevenses' an' see'f they're there."

So Mrs. Boone returned, with dismal forebodings, while Samanthy started out on a search for the runaways.

"Fust it's hosses they're a-huntin' an' then it's gals," said Samanthy, with a shiver, as she looked toward the barn and thought of the dead man lying inside. "Them words o' the elder's las' night was awful comfortin'. He don't think I was tu blame, an' bein' an elder, it seem's ef he ought tu know, ef anybody."

The dew had fallen heavily, and Samanthy thought it advisable to go around by the main road rather than by the 'cross-lot path through the bushes. As she came to the forks where she was to turn she looked down the hill, and away at the foot of it she saw two females.

"Marsy on us!" she exclaimed. "Can that be them? It looks like 'em, fer sartin. What on airth 'd 'a' took 'em that way? I'll wait till they come up."

She sat down on a log and waited.

"Fer the land's sake, girls, where hev ye b'en?" she shouted, as soon as they were within hearing distance.

"Hunting horse-thieves," answered Nannie, who, though tired, was in the best of spirits. "Everybody else had gone into that business, and we thought we'd see what we could do at it."

"Wall, I hope ye've found 'em," said Samathy.

"We have," answefed Nannie. "That is, we know where they are, and the men have gone after them, and we expect they'll get them. Oh, Samanthy, I've seen Dick, and if we hadn't got there just as we did they'd have hung him. They had him strung up over a limb when we got in sight."

"O Lord! You scare me!" cried Samanthy.

"Wall, it's a fact, isn't it, Rhoda?" said Nannie.

Rhoda corroborated her statement. Then Nannie went on to tell what I have already told the reader.

"The hand o' the Lord is in it," said Samanthy, solemnly. "Praise His holy name."

Rhoda wondered if Samanthy wasn't going to "get the power."

About nine o'clock Mrs. Boone looked out and startled Mrs. Holdredge with the announcement that "Samanthy'd got 'em."

"I was almost sure they'd been stole, 'long with the hosses," she said, and begun to cry. And the returning wanderers found her in tears.

Again their story had to be told, to a running accompaniment of "O Lords!" and "For the lan's sake!" and "Who'd 'a' thought it?" from Mrs. Boone and Mrs. Holdredge.

"See here," said Samanthy. "Not a word o' this mus' git to the singin'-teacher. Ef it does he'll be a li'tin' out afore the men git back."

It was agreed that not word of what had been done should be told to any one.

This compact having been enforced by repeated cautions on her part, Samanthy went back home.

"Where was they?" asked Mrs. Porter.

"I jest got to the forks o' the road when I see 'em a-comin'," was Samanthy's reply. "It's curi's how gals will act, a skylarkin' 'round nights, when they orter be abed. Ef they was my gals I'd l'arn 'em suthin' they'd be likely to remember a spell."

Wayne was listening for her answer to Mrs. Porter's question.

"There! I wonder if you can make anything out o' that?" said Samanthy, with a glance in his direction. "Ef you can ye 're welcome to."

### CHAPTER XXVI.

WAYNE GETS HIS DESERTS.

The attendance at camp-meeting on Sabbath morning was much smaller than it had been on the day before, there being but few men present, but what it lacked in numbers it made up in zeal.

"I'm determined to do what I can to make this a day long to be remembered in all the region round about," said the elder, to Samanthy. "I want you all to help me," he told the friends who gathered about him when he came upon the camp-grounds. "Let us pray for a shower of grace, brothers and sisters, a good big shower of it, and not a little sprinkling."

The first exercises of the morning were a "love-feast." Have any of my readers ever attended one? It is a meeting in which all rise and speak freely, telling of their hopes and determinations, and testifying of the help and comfort that religion had been to them. It lacks the formality of class meeting, in which each person is expected to speak, and is called on to do so. It is a free, unurged expression of the religious nature, and has social spontaneity in all its utterances, which makes those who take part in it feel at ease, and among friends. It binds strangers together by one common tie of faith, and is full of helpful influences. To believing souls it is indeed a "feast" from which they arise refreshed and strengthened.

Deacon Snyder delivered a most powerful exhortation to the unrepentant and back-slidden, as a proper winding-up of the love-feast, and then the more formal exercises of the day began.

[To be continued.]

## A QUEER WESTERN OASIS.

**How the Artesian Wells Are Supplied That Water It.**

Artesian wells are usually expensive luxuries, but there is one spot on the American continent where they are cheaper than dumps and more common than mortgages. This is in the center of what used to be called the Great American Desert. The boundary of the oasis forms an ellipse, one focus of which is at Wilburn, Kan., and the other at Meade. A winding stream, called appropriately Crooked Creek, forms the long axis of the ellipse. This little lozenge-shaped district, lying in the arid forehead of the West, is probably the best watered portion of the earth's land surface.

A farmer here may have an artesian well in his back yard, another at his barn and a dozen more in different places on his farm. All he has to do is to bore a hole fifteen or twenty feet deep and stand to one side. The water quickly comes bubbling up and runs busily away to quench the thirst of Crooked Creek. No well in the whole district cost above $50, but all are satisfactory.

There are upward of 250 wells in the narrow basin, yet only a few of them are intelligently managed. There are three or four wells which yield forty-five gallons of water a minute, from twelve to twenty that yield thirty gallons, and the rest grade on down to eight or ten gallons. It is computed that enough water flows from the ground each year to cover 12,000 acres of land one foot deep.

The residents, however, are not organized and have never heard of the question "How can I use what I have?" Therefore, they waste the water shamefully, and the district, instead of being a garden of perennial beauty and prosperity, is chiefly remarkable for the size of its mosquitoes and the hoarseness of its frogs. Here and there a more progressive farmer has drained his quagmires and shown what he can do with these blessings of nature.

From the time when students first turned their attention to it, this spot has been a puzzle. The people who live there imagine they have only a thin crust of earth between their feet and a vast underground lake, that the land rests upon this lake as ice does upon water, and that a well bored into its bosom allows the water to rise just as it comes up through cracks in the ice. But deep borings have proved that the lake does not exist.

The State Geological Survey has about settled the question, and, after all, it is a very simple one. The floor of all the western territory is made up of deposits of that age called by geologists the cretaceous. Above this, however, is a wholly different formation, the tertiary deposit. It consists of a loose material; shale, clay, sand, soil, varying in depth from fifty to 250 feet. This forms the surface of the land and is spread over the area evenly without respect to the under formation. It appears to have been put on like a suit of clothes to warm the bones of naked old nature.

The water, fallen as rain all over the Rocky Mountain slope, sinks through this loose crust until it comes to the cretaceous rocks. Then, finding its downward course stopped, it follows the dip of the strata and flows gently eastward upon its cretaceous bed beneath its tertiary coverlet. Wherever a stream has cut its channel down nearly to the floor enormous springs are continually to be found, and this in the dryest region, not an actual desert, on the globe.

The artesian district, then, is easily accounted for. By some combination of circumstances the earth's surface has been worn away in the narrow valley of Crooked Creek almost to the floor of the country, and the water flowing slowly along under the highlands of the West emerges here for a brief peep at the day and then passes on beneath the eastern hills.

**Queer Things in the Tariff.**

There are some queer things in the tariff bill. Several years ago, when Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania, was Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, the members were revising the tariff, and somebody suggested that the existing duty of thirty per cent. upon alkakange should be increased to fifty per cent. The question was discussed for an hour or more, when some member of the committee, who had taken no part in the controversy, exclaimed:

"What in thunder is alkakange, anyway?"

Judge Kelley asserted that it was a kind of acid. Somebody else said it was a drug. A third member said that he knew it was a chemical of some sort, but wasn't quite sure what it was used for. The item was passed over for the moment to allow the clerk of the committee to ascertain what alkakange was. He consulted all the scientific bureaus of the Government and all the books of reference without getting any light on the subject. Finally some one suggested that it might be a mistake of the printer, and, sure enough, an investigation led to the disclosure that several years before, when the tariff was under consideration, a line of the bill, which contained only one word, got "pied" at the printing office. The printer put the letters together the best he could, with the expectation that the clerk of the committee or the proofreader would correct it. It happened to be overlooked, and this word that means nothing might have remained on the tariff list for all eternity had not a curious Congressman asked what it meant.

A similar case occurred some years later through the bad penmanship of Horace Maynard, of Tennessee. He attempted to write "styrax" and the printer made it "sturrax." This item remained on the tariff bill for several years, until somebody discovered the mistake. Styrax is a drug made from a plant grown in Java, Sumatra, Borneo and other parts of the East Indies.—Chicago Record.

The population of Dublin, Ireland, has decreased within the last forty years from 261,000 to 245,000.

# THE REALM OF FASHION.

While red is much in vogue for all ages it is peculiarly suited, according to May Manton, to the gowns designed for children's wear. The attractive

GIRL'S COSTUME.

and stylish model shown is of cashmere in the brilliant shade known as tulip, with trimmings and sash of black velvet ribbon. The full waist, which pouches very slightly over the belt, is made over a lining that fits the figure snugly at the front, the backs of which are cut exactly as is the outside. The yoke portions of surah striped with narrow black velvet are faced onto the lining to the depth indicated. The full portion is applied, the fulness arranged in gathers at the waist and the pointed edges finished with two bands of velvet. The sleeves are two-seamed and fit snugly well above the elbow but show slight puffs at the shoulders which support the full epaulettes.

The skirt is cut in four gores and fits smoothly at the front and hips. It is lined throughout and is trimmed with double row of velvet ribbon applied in points. At the waist is a belt with bow and ends of wider ribbon.

To make this costume for a girl of twelve years will require three and three-fourths yards of forty-four-inch material with one-half yard of twenty-two-inch silk for the yoke.

STYLISH LADIES' BLOUSE.

**Ladies' Blouse.**

The popularity of the cloth costume is an established fact, says May Manton. The stylish model shown in the large illustration is well adapted to zibeline, broadcloth and cheviot, worn with a skirt of the same, and over a shirt waist of silk or velvet. As illustrated, the material is zibeline in deep Bordeaux-red with trimming of astrakhan and yoke of smooth-faced cloth, banded with narrow black braid. With it is shown a belt of handsome black leather, and a hat of black velvet with ostrich plumes.

The foundation for the blouse is a fitted lining made in the usual manner, and closing at the centre-front. The blouse proper is fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams only, the tabbed epaulettes being cut as parts of the back and fronts. The yoke is seamed to the right shoulder, and hooks over to the left. The blouse pouches well over the belt and closes invisibly at the left side. The basque portion is separate and seamed at the waist line. The sleeves are two-seamed and show only slight fulness at the shoulders. Beneath the epaulettes they are seamed to the lining only, an extra strip of the cloth being stitched on to insure strength. The entire garment is lined with taffeta silk in a harmonizing shade of red.

To make this blouse for a lady in the medium size will require two yards of forty-four-inch material.

**Winter Costumes.**

While trimmed skirks are certainly newer than the plain ones, says Harper's Bazar, there are many very smart costumes made with skirts that have no trimming whatever, and which are severely plain and of medium width. The tailor-made gowns especially have the plain skirts quite as often as the trimmed ones. A peculiarly attractive model for a cloth gown has the plain skirt and short jacket trimmed with velvet and chinchilla fur. The jacket is belted in, and has a jaunty little basque, which is trimmed all around with a band of the chinchilla. Revers, wide at the top, and tapering in at the waist-line, are bordered with the fur. The high collar has a band of the fur, and there is fur around the flaring cuffs. A fitted vest of gray velvet is one of the features of this gown. A smart gown of cashmere is made with the skirt slightly en train, and all fulness well towards the back. Around the foot of the skirt is a pattern braided in velvet ribbon. The waist is cut so as to give breadth, and yet tapers at the belt, which is of folded velvet ribbon. Wide but short revers turn back sharply from the vest, and are faced with velvet, and the waist itself fastens across diagonally, with the edge finished with braiding to match the pattern on the skirt. The sleeves have three tucks across the puff. Quite like the old portraits when stocks were worn is the effect of the band around the throat of mousseline de soie with a bow-knot. The vest, also of the mousseline de soie, is shirred across horizontally.

**Dress For a Child.**

No other style, however good, ever supersedes the one shown in the illustration. While it is in every way suitable for a wee child of two it can also be worn by girls up to the eighth year. As illustrated the material is pale pink cashmere with bands of velvet ribbon of the same color and bolero of the material embroidered with white and edged with frills of pink satin ribbon. White goods, such as nainsook. Persian lawn and the like are equally suitable for dressy gowns, while ginghams and sundry cotton materials are well adapted to morning wear.

The full front and back are fitted at shoulder and under-arm seams only, but are mounted upon a short body-lining, which, together with the gown, closes at the centre-back. The bolero, which is quite simple, is joined at the shoulder and under-arm seams. The sleeves, of bishop shape, are one-seamed, the fulness at both shoulders and wrists being arranged in gathers.

CHILD'S DRESS.

Frills of the ribbon edged with bands of velvet make the finish at neck and form tiny cuffs.

To make this dress for a child of four years will require two and one-fourth yards of forty-four-inch or three yards of thirty-six-inch material.

General Boulanger's black charger, on which he hoped to ride to a throne, now draws a Paris cab.

# DOGS THAT DRAW LOADS.

## SUBSTITUTE FOR THE HORSE IN COUNTRIES OF EUROPE.

**Cost and Training of Dogs Used as Draught Animals—They Haul Delivery Carts in Cities and Farmers' Produce in Rural Districts—Stringent Police Regulations**

The use of the dog as a draught animal is steadily increasing in Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and the Netherlands, according to recent consular reports, in spite of the strenuous opposition of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals, and notwithstanding the severe discrimination against the dog-owner in all highway privileges and expenditures. The dog, says the New York Post, has proved to be so peculiarly adapted to the needs of the small farmer and the tradesman, and, withal, so easily acquired and so willing and cheap a servant, that the transportation of small quantities of merchandise through short distances is chiefly done by him in those countries. In the cities he hauls the delivery carts of the butcher, the grocer, the baker, the milkman and the shopkeeper; in the rural districts he draws the peasant's farm produce to the market, and does many an odd service that commonly falls to the lot of a donkey or a horse. His usefulness is, of course, strictly limited, by his strength no less than by the police regulations, to "small teaming," but his worth is evident in his persistent numerical increase. It costs nothing to train a draught dog, little to feed him and but little more to possess him; he is housed without inconvenience or expense; he does his work faithfully and well, and in these potent considerations lies the explanation of his widespread use.

The draught dogs are harnessed from two to six abreast to a two or four-wheeled cart. When a single dog is used, he is hitched to a shaft underneath the cart, and merely aids the driver, who, pushing from behind, does the greater part of the work. The harness is simple, consisting of a broad strap, or breast collar, of leather, passing around the breast and tapering back about three feet on each side, lengthened by traces of cord or leather, which are attached to the whiffletree. The collar is held in place by a back-band and girth, and the leather muzzle, which all dogs, in or out of harness, are required to wear at all seasons when outside their owners' premises, serves as a bridle, and completes the working gear. The two-wheeled cart is about four feet high, weighs some two hundred and fifty pounds, and is provided with long handles, which are held by the driver, who guides and balances it, while the dogs, hitched to an iron bracket, trot beneath. The four-wheeled cart, which is used almost exclusively in the country and remote villages, is two and one-half feet high, weighs about one hundred and fifty pounds, and is usually drawn by four or more dogs harnessed abreast in front.

The cost of a draught dog varies considerably, age health, strength and spirit naturally being important factors in determining it. In Ghent a young dog of ordinary promise may be bought for $6 or $7; a well-trained dog, between one and three years old, will cost from $10 to $12, while $15 is asked for a very fine dog. In Brussels a good draught dog sells at from sixty to 125 francs ($11.58 to $24.12). In Antwerp the prices are about the same, a well trained strong young dog costing from $18 to $20, while a six-year-old dog can be bought for a sum between $8 and $10. In Frankfort, Germany, the value ranges from $15 to $25; in Lucerne, from seventy to 150 francs ($13.51 to $28.95).

Food and maintenance are trifling items of expense, as a full-grown dog can be kept strong and healthy on the kitchen waste of a household of five or six. In the country districts the food is milk, bread, and vegetables exclusively, and, although it is apparently insufficient, the dogs thrive. If the food must be bought, a stable of six dogs can be kept at an expenditure of about six cents each per day. Carts and harness may be had to suit the purses of the purchaser.

It is impossible to determine even an approximate average of the weight a single dog can draw through a given distance in a given time. Somewhat indefinitely, it may be said that six dogs can draw a load of 800 pounds during several consecutive hours without sign of distress. It is a fact also that two dogs can draw a peddler's load from five o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock in the evening, with only such rest as the intervals of sale may offer, and that they will then be less fatigued than their master at the end of the day's work. One dog alone generally has strength enough to draw a milkman's cart and sixty gallons of milk over a long route in a rolling country.

The average working life of these faithful animals is ten years. They reach their full strength at three years, and from then until they are nine years old should be at their best. With good care and sufficient food most dogs are capable of service even until fifteen years old, and many trot their daily round with cheerful alacrity although bearing the weight of twenty years.

**Hunts With a Cat.**

A nimrod of Milford, Penn., hasn't any use for a bird dog in his hunting expeditions. He takes along with him an ordinary cat to perform the duties usually falling to the dog which the average hunter takes along to help him find game. The capabilities of the cat were first discovered the other day when the young fellow left the house on a short expedition after birds. He had gone but a short distance when he discovered that the house cat was following him. He tried to drive it back home, but it persisted in accompanying him. It illustrated its ability as a hunter by "pointing" a woodcock in the most approved style, and after they had been brought down, "flushed" a partridge, which its master also bagged. Since that time pussy always accompanies her master on his hunting trips, and does her portion of the work as well as any dog might.

**For Love of a Lass.**

A traveler was discussing the lasso as a useful means of catching men as well as animals, when a listener interposed with—"Why, the first syllable alone has caught many a man."

## FAME'S COST.

Oh, scorn not things of low degree,
And sigh for wealth and state;
Far better court humility
Than burdens of the great.

For he who wins ambition's light
Can never be at ease;
He gains, 'tis true a worldly height,
But has a world to please.

For cares increase as honors grow,
And in his new estate
He finds, though bright those honors glow,
'Tis thralldom to be great.

The flatterers that about him throng
Each has some dole to ask;
To please them is no idle song,
But a herculean task.

We value things as they appear,
Nor count the cost and pain
Which line the road to that bright sphere
The envied ones attain.

Fame is no royal heritage;
Its crowns are free to all;
But who its direst height would gage
Must risk the direst fall.

Then sigh not for ambition's meed,
Its sceptre and its crown;
"Uneasy lies the kingly head,"
Though pillowed upon down.

## PITH AND POINT.

"What's veal, Benny?" "Oh, it's the part of the cow we eat before she grows up."

"Hipperton says he won't marry any one but a widow." "I hope he won't marry mine."—Indianapolis Journal.

Hewitt—"Why didn't you laugh at that joke when I told it?" Jewett—"I don't believe in laughing at an old friend."—Truth.

She—"Why is it called the silver moon?" He—"Because it comes in halves and quarters, I suppose."—Chicago News.

Minister—"I once performed three wedding ceremonies in twelve minutes." Miss Saylor—"That was the rate of fifteen knots an hour."—Tit-Bits.

Spogs—"Was it not disgraceful, the way in which Smiggs snored in church to-day?" Stuggs—"I should think it was. Why, he woke us all up."—Tit-Bits.

Friend—"What did I see? Not a single bouquet at your debut?" "Oh, that fool of a gardener didn't understand me, and sent them to my house."—Fliegende Blatter.

"It is predicted that the battles of the future will be fought in the air." "That won't work; no man can be heroic in battle unless he can get behind a tree."—Chicago Record.

"He devoted his immense fortune to the perpetuation of his memory." "You don't say so?" "Yes, he left it in such a shape that every dollar will be litigated over."—Detroit Journal.

"Well, my son, how are you getting along at college?" asked the anxious father. "They call me a phenomenal governor. I started in as a substitute, and now I'm a full-back!"—Detroit Free Press.

Bostonian—"Is this friend that you wish to bring to dinner much of a raconteur?" Chicago Man—"Blamed if I know; but say, you'll die laughing if we can get him to tellin' stories."—Cleveland Leader.

"I am afraid that actors sometimes deceive us about the salaries they get," remarked the mild-mannered citizen. "No," replied the keen observer; "they may think they do, but they don't."—Washington Star.

"What I know about riding a wheel," said the scorcher, "would fill a book." "Yes," said the policeman who had gathered him in, "and what you don't know about it would soon fill the morgue."—Chicago News.

Moneyworth—"Why will the newspapers publish columns of the revolting details of murders? Here I've wasted two good hours reading through this mass of trash about the last one." — Philadelphia North American.

Landlady—"The price of this room is thirty marks. Will that suit you?" Student—"Perfectly." Landlady—"Then you can't have it. A man who meekly accepts such an exorbitant price, obviously does not intend to pay his bill."—Fliegende Blatter.

**A Dog That Rides A Horse.**

A small terrier pushed upon the shoulders of a cart horse, where he balanced himself like a circus rider as his bearer jogged along, created considerable merriment in Broadway yesterday. When the driver stopped the horse the dog sat down upon the neck of his friend and eyed the crowd that collected with much interest.

"That horse and dog," explained the driver to an inquisitive youngster, "have been personal friends ever since they met, four years ago. They will not be separated. The dog sleeps in the feed box of the horse's back. If the dog gets out of sight of the horse the latter is sure to whinney for him. The dog learned to ride on the horse himself. I have never taught him anything."—New York Commerical Advertiser.

**Wanted the Mortgage.**

A Swede came into a lawyer's office one day, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, and asked: "Is hare ben a lawyer's place?" "Yes; I'm a lawyer." "Well, Maister Lawyer, I tank I shall have a paper made." "What kind of a paper do you want?" "Well, I tank I shall have a mortgage. You see, I buy me a piece of land from Nels Petersen, and I want a mortgage on it." "Oh, no. You don't want a mortgage; what you want is a deed." "No, maister, I tank I want mortgage. You see, I buy me two pieces of land before, and I got deed for dem, and 'nother faller come along with mortgage and take the land; so I tank I better get mortgage this time."

**Singular Case of Human Shrinkage.**

A singular case of human shrinkage is reported from the Soldiers' Home at Sandusky, Ohio. Peter Cooley, who was admitted to the home about four years ago, was, when he enlisted in the Fourth Indiana Infantry in 1861, five feet and two inches tall and straight as an arrow. His perpendicularity has been in no wise affected since that time, but to-day he stands exactly four feet and four inches in his stocking feet, having, without in any manner affecting his health or general appearance otherwise, grown ten inches shorter. He is a well-built, compact old man, now in his eighty-first year, and is as lively and active as a boy.—Detroit Free Press.